

WYMAN'S
Shopping List

of
Specials
for
May
Selling



Curtain
Materials
Specially Priced

50-inch Filet Net in small
patterns, formerly 50c—
now 35c yard.
Madras, formerly 60c, is
now 45c a yard.
Tailored Muslin, 30 inches
wide, was formerly \$1.00,
and is now 75c.

Bed Pillows
\$2.95 a Pair

Bed pillows filled with
good feathers, covered with
best feather proof art tick-
ing, all colors; regular size
was \$3.95; during May
sales, or while they last at
\$2.95 a pair.

Single Blankets
95c

Good cotton blanket in
white and tan, with colored
borders, double bed size,
at 95c.

Gimps
Formerly \$1.35
\$1.00

Dainty little gimps of net
are trimmed with lace or
combined with gingham,
designed to add fascination
to the sweater or coat.

Hand Bags
Formerly \$4.95
During May at
\$2.87

Fine assorted leather bags,
in black, brown, grey, in
many shapes and styles.



Boys' Hose
Formerly 25c
Now 19c

A good quality black cot-
ton hose that gives good
wear.

GEORGE WYMAN
& COMPANY

Radiographs

Uncle Sam Conducts Free Radio Course

NEW YORK, May 5.—Uncle Sam, in giving free lessons in wireless, is giving free lessons in wireless. The course is limited to amateurs who have had a year's experience. These are sought for the development of an amateur radio reserve which will co-operate with the government and be ready for any emergency.

With Signal Corps. "This reserve is an organization of high class radio men with which the signal corps is working hand in hand in transmitting educational information and assisting as far as possible," says C. J. McBrearty, secretary of the reserve for the Second Corps army area. "It is developing amateur station relay routes covering all posts of the army."

Eventually the reserve will form a reliable and efficient network of amateur stations capable of carrying on official traffic. It is strictly a civilian outfit, not obligated in any way to either military service or training.

"Great care is exercised in selecting the amateur stations for relay points."

Summer Camps. Summer training camps are being planned for the members of this radio reserve. They will be under the supervision of U. S. Signal Corps officers and will be more of a gathering of radio fans with the same interest, than a civilian training area.

In the meantime, from a central point in each army corps area a course of radio lessons is conducted.

There are three classifications of membership in the radio reserve:

Grade A—Licensed amateurs who have both transmitting and receiving sets and who are exceptionally well fitted to operate them.

Grade B—Those who have both sets, but are not in line with a relay station.

Grade C—Those who have receiving sets only.

"We give these members lectures by mail or radio, pamphlets and other information," says McBrearty.

Hook-Up for Short Wave Regenerative Set

By R. L. DUNCAN,

Director, Radio Institute of America

In hooking up a radio set, great care should be taken in connecting the batteries.

Here is a diagram showing how to properly connect up a short wave regenerative receiving apparatus.

Coming down with the aerial we strike No. 1—a variable condenser of 6005 microfarads capacity. This may be constructed as previously outlined in this column, or it may be purchased in any radio equipment shop.

No. 2—The variocoupler which is tapped.

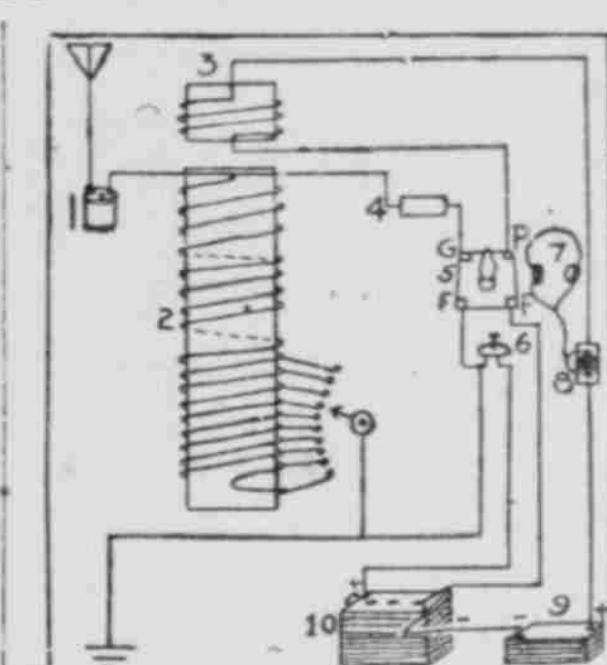
No. 3—Plate variometer or tickler.

No. 4—Grid leak and grid condenser. The grid leak's value should be approximately one megohm and the grid condenser should have a capacity of about .0025 microfarad.

No. 5—Vacuum tube and socket. No. 6—Rheostat controlling the filament current from a six-volt storage battery.

No. 7—Head phones which should be of high ohmage resistance. No. 8—Small fixed condenser.

No. 9—A 22.12-volt "B" battery marked for the positive and the negative.



HOOK-UP OF SHORT WAVE REGENERATIVE SET

No. 10—Six-volt storage battery similarly marked. Note that the negative side of the "B" battery is connected to the negative side of the storage or "A" battery.

This regenerative receiver requires considerable skill in handling, to get the full benefits of its selectivity of tuning. Constructed and assembled correctly, this set is the sharpest to be obtained.

A-BATTERY—A low-voltage battery, usually of the storage variety, having a capacity of from 1-2 to 6 volts. It is used to light and operate the filament of the detector and amplified tubes.



(Continued From Our Last Issue.)

"Both?" They stared at him. Thayer nodded, still looking at the floor, his tongue sticking suddenly dry lips.

"Yeh, both of 'em. One brought on the other. Mrs. Renaud and John Corbin—they called him Tom Langdon back East."

CHAPTER XXI.

It was staggering in its unexpectedness. A gasp came from the lips of Harry Houston. He whirled excitedly and grasped the nearest on-looker.

"Go get Medaine Robinette. Hurry! Tell her that I have found the proof. She'll understand."

Then, struggling to reassure himself, he turned again to the prisoner. Two hours later, in the last light of day, the door opened, and a woman came to his side, where he was finishing the last of many closely written sheets of paper. He looked up at her, boyishly, happily without waiting for her permission, he grasped her hand, and then, as though eager for her to hear, he turned to the worn-faced man, now slumped dejectedly in his chair.

"You understand, Thayer, that this is your written confession?"

The man nodded.

"And you are willing to sign it?"

"I'd want to know what I was signing."

"Certainly. I intend to read it to you—so that all witnesses may hear it. It is then to be filed with the district attorney."

A pause. At last:

"My name is Fred Thayer. Until a year ago, I had been employed by the Empire Lake Mill and Lumber company as superintendent, beginning with it when it was first started by Mr. Houston of Boston."

"I tried two or three times to get him to sell out to me, but we couldn't get together on the terms. He always wanted cash, and I couldn't furnish it. About this time—a nephew of his named Thomas Langdon came out here, under the name of John Corbin. He had been a black sheep and was now wandering about the country."

"Then a woman came out here, an Agnes Jierdon, a stenographer, on her vacation. I met her and learned that she was from Boston."

A slight pressure exerted itself on Houston's arm. He glanced down to see Medaine Robinette's hand, clasped tight. "She spent nearly the whole summer here, and I made love to her. I asked her to marry me, and she told me that she would. I wanted to use her—to get her in Houston's office. I wanted to find out what was going on, so that I would know in advance. At the end of her vacation, she went back to Boston and got a job with Houston, as office clerk. Almost the first thing that she wrote me was that the old man was thinking about selling out to some concern back East."

"It made me desperate. Then I thought of Ba'tiste Renaud."

"Ah!" The word was accompanied by a sharp intake of breath as the big French-Canadian moved closer to hear again the story of a murder. But the sheriff motioned him back. "The emotions of the old trapper were not to be trusted. The recital went on:

"Everybody around this country had always talked about how rich he was. There was a saying that he didn't believe in banks and that he kept more than a hundred thousand dollars in his little cabin. At this time, both he and his son were away at war, and I thought I could steal this money, place it in other hands, and then work things so that if I did get hold of the mill, people around here would merely think I had borrowed the money and brought the mill with it. By this time, a cousin of Miss Jierdon's, a fellow named Jenkins, had gotten a job with Houston and was working with her, and of course, I was hearing everything that went on. It looked like the deal was going through, and it forced me to action."

One night I watched Mrs. Renaud and saw her leave the house. I thought she was going to town. Instead, after I'd gotten into the cabin, she came back, surprising me. I killed her with a revolver."

"Diable!"

"Easy, Ba'tiste. That's the way you gave it to me, isn't it, Thayer?"

"Yeh."

Again the door of the tiny lobby opened and closed, and a form edged forward—Blackburn, summoned from his mill.

"When I found the deed box there was only ten thousand dollars in it instead of the fortune that I had supposed was there. I was about to take it out and stuff it into my pocket, when I heard a noise outside the window. I pushed the box under my coat and ran out the back door. The next day, Corbin—or Langdon—came to me and demanded his share of what I had stolen. He said that he had seen me at the deed box after I had killed the woman. He threatened me again—and then, suddenly, one day disappeared. I learned that he had left for Boston. I knew what was up then; he was going back to tell Old Man Houston and try to step into my shoes when I was arrested. But I beat him there by going over the range in an automobile, and taking an earlier train for Boston. I picked him up when he arrived and trailed him to young Houston's office. After that I saw them go to a cafe, and from there to a prize fight. I had my gun with me—I had made up my mind to kill them both. I thought Langdon had told. After the fight, they started out, myself in the rear. Young Houston had gotten a mailer from the timekeeper. Then they got in a quarrel, and my chance came. Houston ran. When he was well out of sight I crept up behind Langdon and clubbed my revolver, hitting him on the head with it. He fell—dead—and I knew I was safe, that Houston would be accused."

Barry looked earnestly at the man before him.

"That's all true, isn't it, Thayer?"

"I haven't made any objection, have I?" came surlily.

"I merely wanted to be sure. But to go on: Then I thought of a way to get what I wanted from Miss Jierdon. Anyway, it ended with her testifying at the trial in a sort of negative way. I didn't care about that—it was something else I wanted. I wanted her to switch some papers on young Mr. Houston for me, and she bucked against it. Then I told her that she had done worse things, that she had perjured herself. She got her cousin to help her in the transfer of the papers; it was a lease and stumpage contract. The thing was illegitimate, of course. Shortly after that, young Houston came out here again, and I got her to come, too."

"I had dodged marrying her, promising that I would do it when the mill was mine. In the meantime, I had hooked up with this man Blackburn, and he had started a mill for me."

"I guess Miss Jierdon had gotten to thinking a little of Houston, after all, because when I forced her to the point of telling some lies about him to a young woman, she did it, but went away mad at me and threatening never to see me again. Our relations, while she had been at the Houston camp, hadn't been exactly what they should have been. Miss Jierdon is dead—she had stayed in a little cabin in the woods. I had lived with her there. About ten days ago, the baby died, while I was laid up at camp with a sprained hip. Today I went there to find her dead, and while I was there, Renaud and young Houston caught me. This is all I know. I make this statement of my own free will, without coercion, and I swear it to be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God."

The little lobby milled and buzzed, drowning the scratching of the pen as a trembling man signed the

confession, page by page. Then came the clink of handcuffs. Houston straightened, to find a short, bulky form beside him, Henry Blackburn.

"Well?" questioned that person.

"I guess it's up to me. I—I haven't got much chance against that."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this," and the bulky Blackburn drew a nervous, sweating hand across his brow. "I ain't above dealing with crooks. I'll admit that. But I kind of draw the line at murder. I'm in your hands, Houston. I've got a mill up there and it ain't worth the powder to blow it up to me, anyway. But with you, it's different. If you want to make me a fair offer, say the word, and I'll go more than half way. What say?"

"Is tomorrow time enough?"

"Tomorrow—or the next day. Suits me."

Then he went on, leaving only three figures in the lobby—the bent, silent form of Ba'tiste Renaud, grave, but rewarded at last in his faithful search; the radiant-eyed Houston, free with a freedom that he hardly believed could exist; and a girl who walked to the window and stood looking out a moment before she turned to him, her eyes pettishly she faced him, her hands searching his, her hands tight clasped, her whole being one of supplication.

"I'm sorry," she begged. "Can you—will you forgive me?"

Boysishly Barry Houston reached forward and drew away a strand of hair that had strayed from place, a spirit of venture in his manner, a buoyant tone in his voice.

"Say it again, I like it!"

"But I am—don't you believe me?"

"Of course. But then—I—I—"

Then he caught her hands. "Will you go with me while I telegraph?" he asked, in sudden earnestness. "I want to wire—to the papers back in Boston and tell them that I've been vindicated. Will you—?"

"I'll be glad to."

They went out the door together, Houston beaming happily downward the girl close beside him, her arm in his. And it was then that the features of Ba'tiste Renaud lost their gravity and sorrow. He looked after them, his eyes soft and contented. Then his big hands parted slowly. His lips broke into a smile of radiant happiness.

(THE END.)

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OIL CONCERNS OF U. S. AND BRITAIN FIGHT FOR RULE

American Agents Seek to Check Foreign Control of Great Russ Fields.

LONDON, May 5.—Behind the numbers of the gigantic oil interests, which are agitating the British foreign office today, a great battle is being waged by British and American concerns for world supremacy in the petroleum industry.

Officials of the foreign office stated that they had no reported oil agreement, which was alleged to have been signed by the Russians and representatives of the British oil interests, at Genoa. The government, it was pointed out, would be the first to protest against such compact because Premier Lloyd

George at the meeting of the supreme council at Cannes agreed that no monopolies should be established. Despite denials, the report that the Royal Dutch and Shell groups have gained a monopoly in Russian petroleum continued in effect. It is known that the Standard Oil Co. has been after Russian concessions, those negotiations having been in progress for some months.

Sites U. S. to Action. It is reported in unofficial quarters that British government attaches believe that the Paris reports of the British oil compact have stirred the standard oil to the action and that the Standard may have made representations to the American state department on the subject. Already

America has sent notes to Great Britain protesting against the exclusion of American oil companies from mandated territory, especially Mesopotamia, where the British secured rich oil concessions. The whole world is the battle field for the contending giants that are seeking fresh oil territory to take the place of fields that are becoming exhausted. It includes Russia, Persia, Turkey, Rumania, China and some of the smaller eastern states, as well as Mexico.

CROKER IS BURIED NEAR IRISH CASTLE

GLENCARREN CASTLE, Ireland

May 5.—In the presence of only a handful of mourners the remains of Richard Croker, former leader of Tammany in New York City, were buried here today upon the estate where the deceased had spent the last years of his life raising blooded horses.

The coffin was borne upon the sturdy shoulders of half a dozen Irish workmen. It was placed in a seated vault which had been built some time ago under the personal direction of Croker.

Requiem mass was celebrated in the little chapel upon the Croker estate by the Rev. Father Kelly. During the ceremony Mrs. Croker, the widow, and her brother knelt beside the bronze casket.

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AND ITS FALL

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